

FARMVILLE HERALD

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
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FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1902.

1901-1902.

Good bye old friend, and here is our hand for the new. The year now dead will yet live in history. Especially will this be true of American history. So strong in all that constitutes National strength and greatness had America grown, that the shock incident to the cruel killing of our Chief Magistrate did not for a day unsettle values or shake public confidence. While we wept at an open grave we grew the stronger, while we buried our dead we built taller structures on firmer foundations. While we passed "through the valley" we looked from sunnier heights to fairer fields. An unprecedented drought did not empty our granaries nor did an unusual rain fall prevent us from gathering an abundant harvest.

With most of mankind abroad we have lived in peace, while the war cloud so often lowering over capital and labor facing the one the other threateningly, has given place to glorious sunshine. The year has brought to Virginia much of good. The health of her people has been well nigh perfect, peace has reigned within her borders, plenty within her homes, while her bonds have gone beyond par.

To Farmville and the surrounding country 1901 gave graciously and generously. Our farmers will remember the year as one of good prices, and all our people will be grateful for blessings bestowed and that they escaped so many ills to which others were exposed. For the old friend, then, we have the fond good bye, and will carry with us pleasant memories. We have offered our hand to the new, and why? It comes to us well recommended and with letters of credit. "Seed time and harvest" attend it, we are assured, and the promise is that well-directed efforts will be rewarded, that home will still be sacred place, the open sanctuary and open Bible will continue to be sources of richest blessing.

We cannot even lift the veil behind which its fast flying hours will come and go, and of this we are glad, but we can hope that in addition to the good we have already associated with 1902, our country will become so just that Filipinos may acknowledge the fact, that Porto Rico will feel safe and sound under the overspreading wings of the American Eagle, that Cuba will become freer and fairer because of its new relations to this the leading Republic of earth, and that all our people may be quickened in their loyalty and love for native land. As Virginian we have one more hope, and that is that her Constitutional Convention may adjourn before the year closes, having prepared and promulgated a Constitution worthy the "mother of States and of statesmen."

The King is dead! Long live the King!"

INAUGURATED.

Governor Montague took the oath of office and delivered his inaugural address, in presence of the Constitutional Convention, and as many others as could crowd the hall of the House of Delegates, at high noon of Wednesday.

The address was brief and business like, taking a suggestion recently made to him by the HERALD, he emphasized the necessity of good roads in the State,

and if he secures that boon and nothing else of value, he will have done well.

He paid glowing tribute to Virginia's past, and then gave solemn pledge of earnest purpose, in so far as he could, to add to its lustre and glory.

He is a young man strong of body and of mind, fired with laudable ambition, full of hope, and with the earnest co-operation of his comrades in command will no doubt measure well up to the demands and expectations of those who have so highly honored him.

The oath of office was also administered to Mr. Willard, Lieutenant Governor, and Major Anderson, Attorney General.

A brilliant reception was held at the executive mansion the same evening, and now the ship of State is again under full sail with a new, and as we trust and believe, the hand of a master at the helm.

A WEEK OFF.

In this day of "strenuous" presidents and "rapid transit" it is right hard to know just what to prepare for publication in a weekly paper, and this becomes intensified when there has been a gap of a week without an issue.

How event has crowded upon the heel of event since the HERALD's last appearance in 1901. At home and abroad, on land and on sea, in the crowded cities and quiet country places the ever changing panorama of life and death, of marrying and mourning, of buying and of selling, of leaving and of arriving, of succeeding and of failing, of loving and of hating, of building and of pulling down, of praising and of cursing, of hoping and of despairing has been unfolding with such rapidity that to trace an outline would fill a volume. Let it suffice, then, to say that the Boers are still killing the British and the British still killing the

Boers, that peace seems to be assured in South America, that England is still the richest among the nations, that America's "industrial invasion" of the world still goes on, that America is bold enough to undertake and strong enough to complete the inter-oceanic canal, that in spite of peace conferences more warships are building, that labor and capital are shaking hands, that farm products are still advancing, that Macay isn't a bigger man than the president, that Schley is the naval hero of the day, that the usual chapter of Christmas accidents has been recorded, that millions have been made glad by giving and receiving, and that Virginia's Constitutional Convention is still in session, with no prospect of conclusions or final adjournment.

The "liberal soul grows fat" anyhow.

"C. C. C." on Every Tablet.

Every tablet of Cascarets Candy Cathartie bears the famous C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Look for it and accept no other. Beware of fraud. All druggists, see.

Skates are on foot.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Dr. Hobbs' Sarapac Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Mr. Melton is not missing.

Mr. Roosevelt has had the courage to appoint a secretary of the treasury against the protest of Wall Street. That's good. Wall Street is a gambling shop, pure and simple, no matter if it did give more than \$2,000,000 to charity last year. Gamblers are often most liberal of men.

If Gov. Crane, of Massachusetts, had accepted the treasuryship, we might have had money "to burn." He makes the paper open with Uncle Sam's dollar marks are stamped, and of course would have wanted to increase his sales.

Iowa is represented by two members in the cabinet, while the entire South is without representation. And yet we are as loyal as the rest of them, and pay pension money without a protest.

The Petersburg Index Appeal well says: "It is a bad practice in public affairs for one man to hold two places at the same time either of honor, emolument or profit." And yet some of our Virginia statesmen(?) hold as many as four places at one and the same time. It looks as though the old mother had grown poor in material.

It is intimated that Senator Daniel may resign as member of the Convention. We see where he is right.

Speaking of resigning, Hon. Hal Flood has resignations "to burn," and yet he holds on to the Commonwealth's attorneyship of Appomattox, State senatorship, Convention and Congress. We wonder he doesn't break down under official burdens.

It has been settled. The World (Roanoke) was 12 years old on the day "fo" Xmas. May it spin on through the ages, and be happy.

The Day in Farmville.

Christmas day shone upon us brightly and cheerfully. Noise was conspicuous by its absence in the early morning. The little ones were early astir and never before in the history of the season were our homes so crowded with gifts. So far as we know Santa came down each chimney and cheered each home. At one place he left a gem of rare brilliancy and rich in value, while at another a simple love token, one of intrinsic value and yet freighted with power to gladden and give cheer.

Dinners were never better selected, better cooked, better served or more enjoyed. "Merry Christmas" filled the air, and glad greetings were heard on every hand. There were the usual services held at the Episcopal church, which had been artistically decorated for the occasion. In the evening there were prayer services at the other churches, all having appropriate reference to the glad season.

As the day advanced clouds gathered, and there was promise of rain or snow. The storm, however, stopped on our threshold and there were no outdoor hindrances to the pleasures of the day. So far as we know Farmville escaped accident from fire or ice.

King alcohol claimed a few lavish subjects, but not many. The general conduct of our people all this Christmas day was of finest order.

Another world-recognized-birthday has been added to the world's history, and one more marked by giving than any of its long line of predecessors. It would be well that its spirit, not of revelry, but of giving, should go with us through the year to follow, and the years yet to be given to us on earth.

The Farmville Lithia.

This prince among waters is taking on new life, and giving new life wherever it goes. It is being advertised as never before in its history, and orders are coming in from Texas to Maine. Like sunshine, we, of Farmville, have so much of it that we fail to appreciate, ate its value. Not so with the sleek man who came to us recently, remined a few weeks, and went home well, singing the praises of the Farmville Lithia. The "fountain of health" is right at our doors. We will fling them wide open and invite the sufferers of earth to enter and find earth's best balm.

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